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# THE SLAVE SHIP

## A Descriptive Song.

Written, Composed

and Sung by

# HENRY RUSSELL.

ENT STA. HALL

London,  
BREWER & C<sup>o</sup> 38, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE,  
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B. F. G.

OBERLIN

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

HENRY RUSSELL.

The first gray dawn of the morn-ing was bea-ming, The bright rays shone  
 forth the glad spi-rit of light; The ri-sing sun' o-ver the o-cean was  
 streaming, And dis-peil'd with his rays the dark sha-dows of night.

The air, oh how pure, and the morn-ing, how mild,- And the wa-  
 yng

ters lay hush'd like' a sleep... ing

*gut*

*Dim.*

child.

*gut*

*f*

*gut*

*gut*

*Then*

up with the un...chor, and let us a...way; Spread the sails, 'tis a

yea-

fa...vou...ing wind; And long ere the break of the morn...ing, the

break of the morn...ing, We'll leave the coast of old Afric' be...hind.

Soft...ly,

soft . ly. let us a . . . way!

Cres.

Soft . ly. soft . ly, let us a . . . way!

*p*

*p* I I *pp*

Gloomily stood the Captain, with his  
 arms . . . . upon his breast, And his cold brow firmly knitt-ed, And his  
 iron lips com-press'd:— "Are all . . . well-whipp'd be-low there?" 'Ay,  
 ay' the seaman said, Heave up the worthless lubbers, the

*Agitato assai.*

dying and the dead! 'Help! oh, help! thou God of christians! Save a mother from despair!

Cruel white man stole my child-re-n - God, of mer- cy, hear my pray'r! I'm

young, and strong, and har...dy; He's a weak and sick...ly boy:

Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me! God of mer- cy, save my boy.

RECIT.

They've kill'd my child! they've kill'd my child! - The mo-ther cried, now all is o'er:

Down the savage Captain struck her, Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Coda roce.

MODERATO CON ANIMA.

Old Eng-land, sweet land of the brave and the free, Whose home is the

wa-ters, whose flag sweeps the sea; - Still stretch out thy hand o'er the

ocean's broad wave, Protecting the helpless un-fur-mate slave; And

nations which call themselves free shall re-pent Of the thousands of souls to e-

ter-ni-ty sent. Each who forwards the cause, on the verge of the grave Shall be

Lento.

bless'd by the pray'r of the poor negru slave.

Lento.

The Slave Ship.